

# A ROMANCE OF LOVE, HYPNOTISM AND A MISSING LETTER

## THE OUTCOME OF A TEST

By J. H. Connelly

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"HERE, Professor Brunot, are the conditions of the proposed test. You are not to read them until you have hypnotized your subject, you are not to utter one word to him except mentally, and you will remain in my company until the matter is decided one way or the other. If hours after he returns to normal conditions he does what I have prescribed, you win my hundred dollars."

"And if not, you win mine. That is all right. I have confidence in Miller. He is the best subject I have ever had; the only one, I admit, over whom I could exercise telepathic control perfectly. I shall have your hundred dollars, Mr. Blanchard."

"Perhaps, Mr. Blanchard, in the next room, where he can see without being seen by your subject, and get to work."

The hypnotist, a bleached, scrobbled-looking young man, was called in and very readily put in the trance condition. Then the professor read Mr. Blanchard's prescribed conditions for the test. "They are very hard," he commented in an undertone, "but I accept them." Here is what he read:

"Make him know where my rooms are and come there at 4 o'clock today, ask for me and go away without seeing me, taking with him a letter from the center table in the parlor, go to the Grand Central depot and slip that letter into the left hand pocket of a coat on a stout man dressed in gray."

During some twenty minutes the hypnotist appeared to be exercising all his powers of concentration and will to silently impress upon his subject the long sequence of actions required, while the countenance of the hypnotized was eloquent of fixed attention, anxiety and finally exhaustion.

Precisely at 4 o'clock Dan, Mr. Blanchard's man, announced to his master that a young man giving the name of Arthur Miller wished to see him.

"Show him into the parlor and say I will see him directly," replied Mr. Blanchard, and, turning to the professor and Mr. Crandall, who were with him in the dining room, he added, "First come against me."

In ten minutes he led the way to the parlor. Arthur Miller was gone; so was the letter that had been left on the table, merely an envelope with a fictitious address.

Mr. Crandall, the stout man in gray, hastened to reach the Grand Central depot that the hypnotist, if following

his impressed instructions, might find the proper depository for the fished letter. After a few minutes' conversation with the professor Mr. Blanchard, who had been somewhat distraught and absentminded, rang for Dan and asked him, "No letter for me yet?"

"Yes, sir. I left it there on the table."

"Then there were two here?"

"No, sir. The one you left for the mail I put a stamp on and posted. The other I left in its place."

"What sort of a letter was it?"

"A small one."

"Addressed in a lady's writing?"

"Yes, sir. I left it there on the table."

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matter. The thing must be stopped before any more mischief is done.

"You must not interfere with the test."

"It is done. I give up. You've won. Come; we've got to get a hack. Miller must be caught."

"Don't get excited. You will find the letter in Crandall's pocket."

"I want it in mine. Come on. I'm taking no chances."

Mr. Arthur Miller went right along about what some impulse from his subconscious mind made him imagine was his business or duty. Not for the life of him could he have told why he had gone at a particular time to a stranger's rooms, seized there a letter and was now looking for a stout man in gray, but when he saw in the thick of a throng of people moving toward a gate with a view toward an outgoing train a stout man in a gray suit he elbowed his way through until he had slipped the letter into the pocket of the man in gray and then dropped back out of the crowd with the contented sigh of one whose duty was done. As he stood in an open space mopping his forehead in a dazed sort of way another stout man dressed in gray touched his shoulder and said:

"You have made a mistake."

"How so? I don't know."

"But you are not to be blamed."

"Glad to know it, but I don't see why I might be."

Just then Mr. Blanchard plunged in, caught him by an arm and demanded anxiously, "Where's that letter?" a query which seemed to stun the young man. "Have you got it?"

"No," said Mr. Crandall, answering for him. "But you have lost fairly. He put it in the pocket of a man who answered the description. I saw him do it. It's all right. The fellow looked like me."

"It's all wrong—the wrong letter. It must be recovered. I wouldn't have lost it for ten times the bet."

"I don't see how you'll get it. The gate has closed while we've been talking, the train is gone, and the man is 'has been' so far as we are concerned."

Mr. Blanchard said various vehement things.

"He was a commuter. I noticed that he simply showed a ticket, and that's all we know about him. And the commuters are legion strong."

"The gateman may know him."

They found the gateman, a surly, ill-conditioned old fellow, but amenable to the mollifying influence of a banknote, and, with some pretended difficulty, he

affected to remember with an effort proportioned to his pay. "Why, yes; I guess the gentleman you want is Mr. Berdan, who goes to Tarrytown."

They sent a telegram after him in care of the conductor of the train and from Spuyten Duyvil got an answer back:

"No letter in possession that doesn't belong to me. Know nothing about it."

"Heavens, Crandall!" exclaimed Mr. Blanchard, drawing his friend aside. "It was from the Widow Kitley. You know enough to imagine how important it may be to me. And it's lost!"

"I don't see what the use in getting excited about it. She can write you another."

"Will she? To a man so careless and stupid as to lose in such an idiotic way a letter that?"

"Go and tell her all about it. She has sense. It will be all right. Probably

which occurred while she was in Europe. The steamer that brought her back to New York also brought Mr. James Blanchard, and ever since she had known herself a widow he had been doing his best to persuade her that a protracted period of even conventional mourning for such a husband as Jack was uncalled for, if not actually absurd. In her heart she agreed with him, but the fear of 'what people would say' kept her in half mourning and postponed her acceptance of the standing offer of his heart and hand. Perseverance, however, rarely faileth of reward, and there came a time when the pretty widow coyly promised to give him her answer by letter. And that was the letter he had lost.

Mr. Blanchard had little doubt of its purport. He was at least as happily confident as an anxiously expectant suitor has any reasonable right to be, but to lose her sweet consent and assurance of her love in this ridiculous way was exasperating, and he did not doubt she would punish him a little for it by coquettish revival of his doubts and fears. His worst anticipations were more than realized.

Meekly, deprecatingly, he told his tale of woe, and, though he felt his words were the way in which she received it surprised and even puzzled him. She paled, blushed, and finally burst into tears. In vain he besought her to tell 'what was in the letter.'

"Never, never!" she protested. "Never while I live!"

"Good heavens, Myra," he cried, "it cannot be possible that you have had the cruelty to deny me! Come, tell me what your letter contained. End my anxiety."

But she took refuge in tears, and the ambiguous declaration, "Fate is against me!"

Mr. Blanchard was not one of those who supinely permit fate to settle their affairs for them. If he could get from the charming widow no information one way or the other, he would seek the desired knowledge elsewhere and, saying grimly to himself, "The hair of the dog is a cure for the bite," betook himself again to the hypnotist.

"Professor Brunot," he said, "I wish to make trial of another alleged power of your so-called science, and if you are willing the bet of today goes over again."

"Make your proposition."

"I believe you claim clairvoyance for the hypnotized, that he is able to read a letter that is by no possible means visible to his physical sight—a sealed letter?"

"Not of all hypnotized, by any means, but of Arthur Miller I certainly do so claim."

"Good enough. One who can do it is as good for me as a thousand. Fetch him along right off."

"Tonight? It is impossible. I do not know where to find him at this hour. But he will be here at noon tomorrow. Come then, and you shall have the proof you desire."

"Well, I suppose that will have to go under the circumstances. I shall be here, no fear about that."

HE SLIPPED THE LETTER INTO THE POCKET.

she will tell you what she has written, and that may be even more agreeable."

"I must. There's nothing else to be done."

Mr. Myra Kitley was an exceedingly charming young woman, a plump, but not fat, brunette whose widowhood had in her estimation lasted very much longer than law and society gave her credit for, even longer, perhaps, than she deemed reasonably her due. Her husband, Jack, had been such a scapegrate that they had separated a good twelve months at least before his thirteenth birthday, and even his creditors had generally forgotten him by the time she learned of his demise.

Mr. Blanchard was punctual in keeping the appointment and saw with gratification that Miller, having come a little early, had already been plunged into the hypnotic state by the professor so that no time should be lost. Ah, how earnestly he hoped clairvoyance would prove all that had been claimed for it! How gladly he would lose that hundred dollar even if the widow had written "No!" In that case he could know where he stood and would stim-

On the street he met a man named Pelletreau, whom he always called "a greasy foreigner," not because he had any knowledge that Pelletreau was greasy, but for the hate he bore for the fellow's unctuous smiles when they two were fellow voyagers with Mrs. Kitley on her return from Europe. And now it seemed to him Pelletreau was coming from the direction of her house and wearing a greasier grin of self-sufficiency than ever before. Blanchard's soul grew green with jealousy, and he set out at once in hot haste to call the widow to account.

But while he is on his way there let us see what really had become of that letter. Mr. Berdan, taking out his handkerchief to wipe his perspiring brow, pulled it from his pocket, and it fell unnoticed on the platform. After having been walked upon by many persons an elderly commuter picked it up, a kind, considerate gentleman who had sense enough to know it should be returned to the mail and for that purpose put it in his pocket, along with a letter his wife had given to him for mailing that morning. He would attend to them both the next morning, he said to himself. And so he did, except that he did not happen to think of them until the second day afterward.

But while we have been picking up this stray thread of fact Mr. Blanchard has reached the widow's. She was still in the mood of the day before, tearfully obstinate in her refusal to give him any satisfaction until she realized that she had an unreasonably jealous man to deal with, one whom it would be well to placate if she did not wish to break with him altogether. Then she assumed him very earnestly that she had not seen Mr. Pelletreau for at least a month and had no thought of wishing ever to see him again. Then, having gone so far, she gave way altogether and admitted that her answer had been "Yes."

When the transports of his rapturous joy had been somewhat calmed, he said to her, "But, why, my darling, did you not tell me so yesterday?"

"Because," she replied, "you asked me what was in the letter, and I didn't feel as if I could tell you then."

"You could not tell me you had given me reason to be the happiest of men?"

"Oh, there was something else. You know what a wretch Jack was; how he spent all his money and all mine he could get hold of. Well, he did more. He pawned some very valuable jewels of mine, which I said nothing about for fear of scandal, and only three days ago I got them back from the man who advanced money on them to him, and they looked so horrid I didn't want anything to do with them, and so I sent them to you to take care of for me."

"I don't understand, my dear. You sent me the jewels in a letter?"

"Oh, no, no, dear; not the jewels—the p-p-pawn tickets."

"Ah, then I fear they are lost by this time. No matter. I'll replace them."

But they were not lost, thanks to the good commuter, who finally remembered those letters; so the outcome of the test was happy after all.

"I DIDN'T FEEL AS THOUGH I COULD TELL YOU THEN."

ply have to go at her again more determined than before.

"He is in superb condition today, fit for anything that is possible," said the professor confidently. "Put the letter in my hands."

"What letter?"

"The sealed one which you wish to have him read."

"Go to the deuce! If I had it, don't you think I could open and read it for myself?"

"But how is he to read a letter when there isn't any?"

"But there is—the one that was lost yesterday through his blunder."

"Oh, that! You ask what is not possible. How can he be put in rapport with a letter that is—nobody knows where? And, even if he could, how would you, if you do not know what is in that letter, be able to determine whether he reads correctly, even if he should profess to do so?"

Mr. Blanchard jammed his hat upon his head and rushed out. He cursed the hour in which hypnotism was invented and that in which he had ever heard of it.

sun, it is so bright? There, too, is the American cowslip, nearly as bright as the dandelion. One woods plant I knew in my lucky childhood in the country was called "pocoon," probably an Indian word, for I cannot find it in the dictionary. This, too, had brilliant yellow flowers, star shaped, and we young ones used to dig up the roots and paint the pictures in our school readers with the colored sap of them. There were two kinds, the red and the yellow, and they made a brilliant stain. Indians used the same juice for their paints centuries ago, but I suppose children who knew no better have dug up all the "pocoon" roots now, for I never hear of the plant any more.

There, too, are the columbine upon shaded rocks, the daisy, the lady's slipper, the red lily and—and I think I could go on half a day writing of them. Don't destroy them. Prevent others from destroying them if you can. Let them live in their places and make earth lovely.

Children Require Wholesome Diet.

What a growing child puts into its stomach or has put into its stomach by the one who controls its diet is of the utmost importance.

Occasionally an indulgent mother says, "I let my baby eat everything she wants, from pickles down to bon-bons, and she is none the worse for it."

And sometimes, by a miracle, the baby is apparently none the worse for it, although the average child whose diet is regulated simply by its appetite soon shows the bad effect of such feeding.

Study the needs of your little one. Some children require more fat-forming food than others, some require a greater portion of the nitrogenous.

As a rule, a discreet blending of the two is needed both by children and adults.

Children should eat lean meats properly cooked, eggs, milk, cheese in small quantities, cereals and "whole wheat" peas, beans and lentils.

Quite a Contrast.

"Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy.

"I should whip whoever did it," said Mrs. Banks, gazing severely at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscles," said Tommy, "now papa's broke it."

that it is essentially worthless and that its use by laymen is dangerous.

Nearly all Russian leather is tanned with birch bark. This gives it the peculiarly pleasant odor which is so admired and at the same time protects it from insects.

It is proposed to cut a railroad tunnel through the mountain known as the Fauille in the Jura Alps, and so shorten the journey between Paris and Switzerland by two and a half hours.

To economize time in memorizing a poem it should be read as a whole—that is, entirely through each time. Tests

made in psychological laboratories show that to memorize one verse at a time takes one-fourth longer.

Three hundred shoemakers who struck for higher wages in Philadelphia in 1740 were the first workmen to adopt such tactics in this country.

If great cold turned our atmosphere to liquid air, it would make a sea thirty-five feet deep over the surface of the whole globe.

The waters of the Dead sea, where no rudder has been seen for centuries, are said to be filled by German motor boats.

Overheard in the Jungle.

"Are you aware," asked the learned monkey of the elephant, "that, according to the Latin, you have an impediment in your speech?"

"How so?" asked the elephant as he deftly whisked a fly off his right ear.

"In Latin impedimenta means baggage, and you have a trunk!"

"I wish," began the elephant as he reached with determination for a convenient sapling. But the monkey was already at the top of a high tree.

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## FACTS AND FUN FOR THE LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN

### THE RARE AND BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS

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By Eliza Archard Conner

Do not you young folk, boys and girls both, want to help in a noble national work? An organization has been formed lately called the Wild Flower Preservation Society of America. Its members are to do what they can, each in his and her own locality, all over the United States to keep our native wild flowers from being destroyed off the face of the earth.

The founders and chief officers of this new society are men in high office under the United States government. Its president is Mr. Frederick W. Coville of 221 Four and a Half street, Washington. Mr. Coville is the botanist of the United States department of agriculture. Another gentleman actively interested in this beautiful work is Mr. Charles Louis Pollard, assistant curator in the division of plants in the United States National museum, Washington. Many of you will no doubt like to join the society and take part in achieving its aim.

You will be interested to know that the movement was started by two ladies, Miss Caroline and Miss Elizabeth Phelps Stokes. They began the work

ing them the country over is that every spring herds of children and grown people who ought to know better go tramping through the woods and lanes like ovens, crushing under foot the blossoms they do not pluck and carry away. From my window last spring one Sun-



DAISY AND COLUMBINE.

day I saw a man and his two children come home laden with splendid dogwood blossoms. In gathering these they had broken off and destroyed fully three years' growth of the showy tree themselves. Next morning, Monday, about 6 o'clock I saw the children's mother pitch the whole batch of withered branches and flowers into the street, to the infinite disgust of the street sweeper who came later. Now, what good did it do those ruthless young ones to ruin the handsome dogwood trees?

Go into the woods and see the wild flowers by all means. Satisfy your sense of beauty with their loveliness, learn their names and habits of growth, but let them live. If you pluck them and hold them in your hand, you will most of them in an hour's time. And they are so beautiful! The first to come is the starlike anemone, as I remember; next the deer's tongue and the woods violet, with its white, yellow and purple colors. Later come the purple flag, the yellow lily, the wild Turk's cap lily and the tiger lily, as gorgeous a blossom as ever unfurled in a green house. Did you ever see anything more glorious than a brilliant green pasture field starred over with dazling yellow dandelion blossoms, each one like a little



AMERICAN COWSLIP AND TURK'S CAP LILY.

by giving \$2,000 to the botanical garden of New York city to be used in saving the wild flowers in that locality.

If you are lucky enough to live in or near the country where still patches of forest are left, perhaps you know some of these blossoms of loveliness and their names. They are as perishable as they are lovely too. What is destroy-

### PICKUPS FROM EVERYWHERE.

The compulsory education law in Indiana is at a nominal cost, having a very beneficial effect. In 1902 24,734 children were brought into the schools and the poor benefited with books and clothing at a total cost of \$151 a child.

Seven visitors to Japan's international exhibition, says a Kobe paper, will be well looked after to every way. A hundred and fifty students from the foreign language school are to act as guides.

James M. Whitney, the retiring li-

brarian of the Boston Public library, says that the craze for fiction in this country is subsiding and that the people, as a whole, are reading more serious works. Maybe so—in Boston.

The United Kingdom spends \$1,400,000 a year on railroads.

William J. Mann in his new book, entitled "America in Its Relation to the Great Epochs of History," thinks it desirable and practicable for young people to study American history in its relation to the whole of modern history,

### HISTORIC SENSE AND NONSENSE

BY O. H. VON GOTTSCHALCK

AUTHOR OF "YANKEE DOODLE GANDER" ARTIST "LIVES OF THE HAUNTED" ETC

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BORN A.D. 1412 **JOAN OF ARC** DIED A.D. 1431

A simple maiden was Joan, and always seeing sights; They worried her throughout the day, and fretted her at nights, Until the king commanded she should wear a suit of mail And lead his troops to victory along their warring trail. And I've no doubt that when she donned her suit—'twas ready made— She took a look to see it matched the color of her braid.

and not in the old, narrow, exclusive method. Paper quilts are extensively used abroad by the poorer classes.

There are now at work in the rivers of the middle island of New Zealand about 240 dredges, each costing from \$25,000 to \$70,000, with the object of extracting gold from the deposits in the beds of the streams.

Professor Alroli finds that the road known as the Via Sacra at Rome was in existence 2,200 years ago.

Some excitement has been caused at Venice by the appearance of a crack in

two arches of the Procuratie Vecchie, on the piazza of St. Mark, erected 400 years ago.

Representatives of 80,000 organized barbers have urged the New York state legislature to pass the bill introduced for a state barber commission and compulsory sanitation of barbers' shops and implements.

The managers of the Swedish state railway has ordered a locomotive built especially for burning peat in the generation of steam.

By applying glucose or glycerin to their roots, a French scientist declares

that he has been able to stimulate the growth of plants.

Religious statistics of New York gathered by the Federation of Churches show that more than 1,200,000 people, or about a third of the population of the city, are Jews and people without any known religion and that the unbelievers are as many as the Jews. Those without any religion are as many as the churchgoers.

The commission of mental disease experts appointed by the German ministry of education to investigate the healing power of hypnotism has reported

that it is essentially worthless and that its use by laymen is dangerous.

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